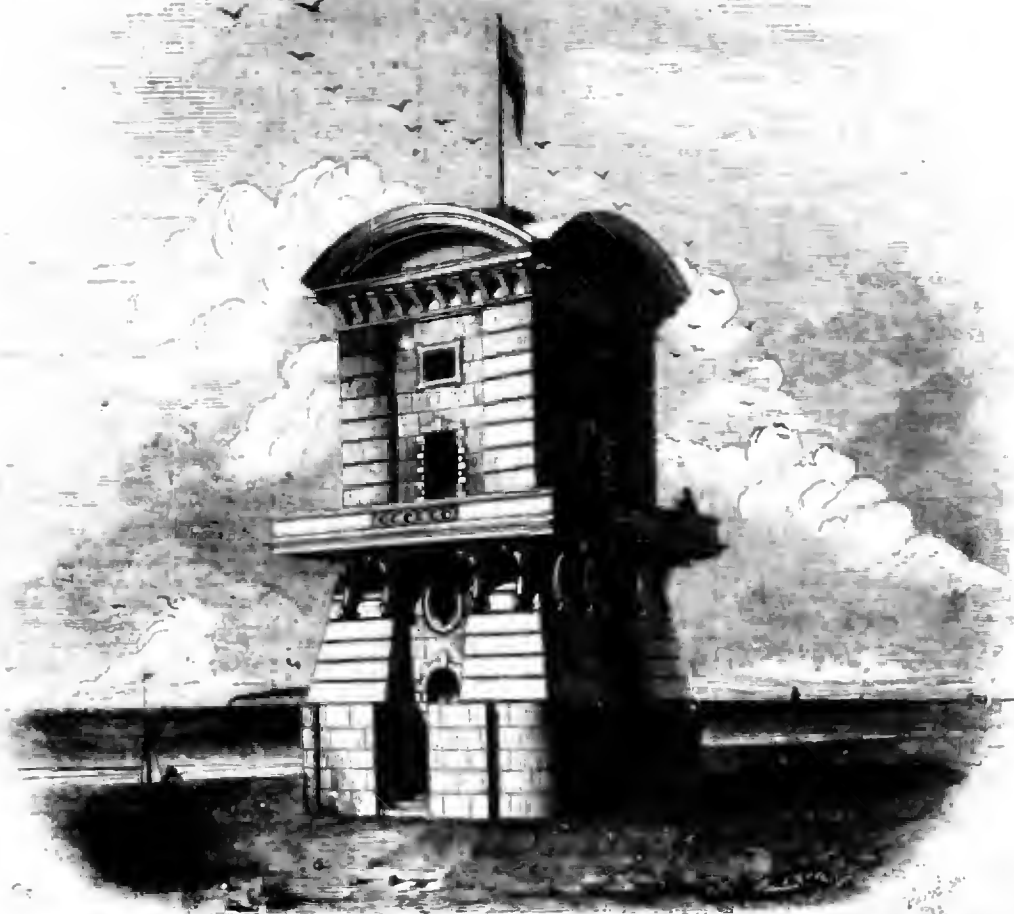


NEW PILOT-HOUSE, DOVER.

MR. S. BEAZLEY, ARCHITECT.



NEW PILOT HOUSE, DOVER.

EXTENSIVE improvements in the neighbourhood of the South-Eastern Railway terminus, at Dover, having involved the removal of the pilots' station, it became necessary to provide other accommodation for them, and hence the structure shown in the annexed illustration.

The new erection occupies a site about 200 feet west of Cheeseman's Head, contiguous to the terminus, and within 10 feet of the sea wall; it stands upon a solid bed of concrete 10 feet thick, which is carried down to where the shingle, from its compactness, forms an excellent foundation: it is built of brick, with dressings of Portland stone cement, the balcony excepted, whose floor is of York stone landings, with brackets and balustrade of Bramley Fall stone. The interior arrangements consist, on the ground floor, of a store room 20 feet square, whence a pair of doors opens on the seaward front, capable of admitting a boat. The first floor is a dormitory, where berths are fitted up; the second story, on a level with the balcony, is the look-out room, and above is another chamber for stores and signals: from this access is obtained to the roof, which is a lead flat, affording by its great elevation a fine view of the scenery around.

Mr. S. Beazley was the architect, and Mr. [unclear] the builder.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.

In the Commons recently, Mr. Hume complained that Mr. Grenville's rare and precious bequest was still unarranged, and covered with dust,—and Dr. Bowring, that a classified catalogue for the whole library was much wanted. The Lord-Advocate assured the House, however, that, "by means of the existing catalogue, every book in the museum was at present easily accessible to the public!" Now, hitherto we have consoled ourselves for the want of all but the most contemptible apology for a catalogue, with the hope that in the forthcoming new one—should it come forth at all, indeed, in the mere brief space of a single human life like our own—a dilatory *otium et solatium* would be granted to us in the evening of our days for all those laborious and profound "researches of the portal" into which the ardent student of the mysteries of the Museum must first be thoroughly initiated, ere he can attain to the substance through the shadow; and that we should then, at least, luxuriate, in the *penetralia*, on the exultant consciousness of having gone victorious through all those trials and obstructions amongst which the younger, rawer, and more enthusiastic "students of the mysteries" still flounder, on in the outer courts of the Temple. But even this anticipatory consolation for our latter end of life is cruelly denied us; for, if the existing catalogue be regarded as already one which renders every book so easily accessible, what

have we to hope for, to look for, to anticipate, in the new? Our hopes are blasted!—What did we want? But an "easy access" to "every book?" and what can we expect, then, in the new, but what, in the old, we already have?—An easy access certainly there is—and all in a row of "classification" too—to all the Smiths, and Browns, and Jenkinsons, whose works encumber the shelves of the *penetralia*; but have we such an easy access to all the *Sciences and Arts, and Manufactures, Histories, and Travels*, to which the student, who sets the slightest value on his time desires to have prompt and easy access? If there be, we hope we shall have the rare good fortune to find it out some time or other while exploring the catalogical depths. Meantime, when we look for "easy access" to "every book" upon chemistry, or architecture, building, masonry, dynamics, hydrostatics, yea, or even physics or metaphysics, physiology or anatomy, geology or astronomy, trigonometry or geometry,—what do we find? As for "Chemistry" or "Architecture," like so many of the others, not even the word! True it is, that in the old basis of the catalogue, wherein something like an attempt at classification seems to have been really made—a basis, however, very rapidly debased—we find a collection of a few olden works under the old latin heads of "Chemia" and "Architectura;" even these, however, like all else in the like predicament, being chiefly the incidental and unavoidable titles of the books themselves. And as with "Architecture" so with "Building." If a student turn up this